

The Historie of

Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe :
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

La. Go, ye giddy goose.

The musicke Playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderstands *Welsh*,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous,
Birlady he is a good musition.

La. Then would you be nothing but musicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors :
Lie still ye thiefe, and heare the *Lady* sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather heare *Lady*, my brach howle in *Irish*.

La. Would'st haue thy head broken ?

Hot. No.

La. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a womans fault.

La. Now God helpe thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Ladies bed.

La. What's that ?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

Here the Lady sings a Welsh song.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your song too.

La. Not mine in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours in good sooth? Hart you sweare like a com-
fitmakers wife, not you in good sooth, and as true as I liue, and
as God shall mend me, and as sure as day :

And giuest such sarcenet surety for thy othes,
As if thou neuer walkst further then Finsburie :

Sweare me *Kate*, like a *Lady* as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday-Ciizens.
Come, sing.

La. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be red-brest teacher,
and the indentures be drawne, Ile away within these 2. houres,
and so come in when ye will.

Glen. Come, come, Lord *Martimer*, you are slow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to go.

Henry the

By this our Booke is drawne, wee
And then to Horse immediatly.

Mor. With all my heart.

Scen 2. Enter the King, Prince of

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the
Must haue some priuate conferen
For we shall presently haue need
I know not whether God will ha
For some displeasing seruice I ha
That in his secret doome, out of m
Hee'le breed reuengement and a
But thou dost in the passages of l
Make me beleue, that thou art o
For the hot vengeance, and the ro
To punish my mistreadings. Te
Could such inordinate and low d
Such poore, such bare, such lewd,
Such barren pleasures, rude societ
As thou art marcht withall, and g
Accompany the greatnes of thy l
And hold their leuell with thy Pr

Prim. So please your Maiestie,
Quit all offences with as cleare ex
As well as I am doubtlesse I can
My selfe of many I am charg'd w
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deu
Which oft the care of greatnes ne
By smiling Pick-thankes, and bas
I may for some things true, where
Hath faulty wandred, and irregu
Finde pardon on my true submis

King. God pardon thee; yet le
At thy affections, which doe hol
Quite from the sight of all thy au
Thy place in Counsell thou hast r
Which by thy younger Brother
And art almost an alien to the hea

By